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Venus.

The London *Athenaeum* prints the following verses on the picture of Venus, recently painted by Mr. Burne Jones, of London:—

Pallid with too much longing,
White with passion and prayer,
Goddess of Love and Beauty,
She sits in the picture there—

Sits, with her dark eyes seeking
Something more subtle still
Than the old delights of loving,
Her measureless days to fill.

She has loved and been loved so often,
In the long, immortal years,
That she tires of the worn-out rapture,
Sickens of hopes and tears.

No joys nor sorrows move her—
Gone is her ancient pride,
For her head she found too heavy
The crown she has cast aside.

Clothed in her scarlet splendor,
Bright with her glory of hair,
Sad that she is not mortal—
Eternally sad and fair—

Longing for joys she knows not,
A thirst with a vain desire,
There she sits in the picture,
Daughter of Foam and Fire.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

—March, 1878.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Notes and Reminiscences on the Development and Rapid Progress of Music in this Country during the past Century.

BY LORING B. BARNES.

No attempt will here be made to frame a historical narrative of the progress that music has made in this country during the period indicated. That would require years of patient research and labor, and many volumes to contain it when completed. A sketch only—possibly a rough sketch, is all that is aimed at; and if important events shall be omitted or touched upon lightly, the critical reader will pass over them; and in so doing he may possibly find something of interest, should it fail to instruct. The subject is unquestionably interesting, however poorly it may be presented.

Much of the later portion of these notes, or reminiscences, are from the personal recollections of the writer, while the earlier period, that of one hundred years ago, may be somewhat enlivened by the use of such incidents in the active life of the honored father of the writer, who lived contemporaneously with Wm. Billings, Oliver Holden, Swan, Reed and others, whose writings were then, and for many years thereafter, in general use in the churches of the land. The peculiar characteristics of the greater portion of the sacred music of those days has been well presented to this generation from time to time through the so-called Old Folks Concerts, the fugue being then the most popular style. Much of it was in the minor key, as it was deemed the more appropriate for church worship. One notable example of a wholly different character, however, is worthy

of a place in this record. The tune "Coronation," written in the strong, manly key of A-major, and which is heard in all the churches of the present time, in its majestic and inspiring strains, never fails to uplift the soul of the worshipper as few modern compositions can. Through the medium of this tune mainly, though he was the writer of many others, has the name of its composer, Oliver Holden, been handed down to us as one of the pioneers in this department of art; and when it is remembered that the puritanical notions of those times forbade, by legal enactments, any amusements of a theatrical character, and that the singing school was the only real recreation allowed, it is not surprising that composers should have sprung up to fill the wants and requirements of the people.

Wm. Billings was a tanner by trade, and many a tune of his was first chalked out on the door of his tannery, before being placed in any more enduring form. The earliest record we have of the formation of any society for the improvement of church music is that of the Stoughton Choral Society in 1786, and which has survived the changes of the century and is still, in its vigorous old age, devoting its energies to its own distinctive work; not of a character however to rank with the great choral societies of the country.

The Massachusetts Society, so called, located in Boston, was formed in 1807, but after a precarious existence of three years, it ceased to exist. Then came the world-renowned Handel and Haydn Society, which dates its organization from April, 1815. Two of the great Oratorios of the masters whose names they then adopted as the name of the new society,—the Messiah of Handel, and the Creation of Haydn,—were purchased and the study of them began in right good earnest. In this connection it is worthy of remark that the selection of two works of the character of the Messiah and the Creation, both so immeasurably beyond the character of the only music then known, is alike creditable and surprising. It was an amazing stride into those upper regions of harmony and inspiration. Such progress was made and such a degree of enthusiasm existed among its members that it was decided to give a public performance in the early winter of the same year in which the society was formed. The concert was given in the King's Chapel, as it was then called, now Stone Chapel. The programme was mainly made up of selections from the two works named and the church was filled with delighted listeners. The *Columbian Sentinel*, edited by Major Ben. Russel, a representative man, was enthusiastic in praises of the new society and of their concert, and from that time the praise of the society was on every tongue, and a great degree of prosperity attended its labors for many years.

All honor to Thomas Smith Webb, Amasa Winchester, Nathaniel Tucker, and Matthew

Stanley Parker, whose names appear in the act of incorporation of Feb. 7, 1816, as approved by Caleb Strong, Governor, and to many others, their associates, to the number of nearly fifty, for the transmission to us, of this generation, of this highly valued Boston institution, which began with high aims, and which has so nobly sustained itself during all the changes which have since taken place. No very great changes, however, in the character of the music of the churches was made until the advent among us, in 1821, of Lowell Mason, who introduced in a volume of Hymn tunes—many from old English and German writers, as well as those of his own composition,—tunes of a wholly different character from those in general use at that time, and which through the joint efforts of Mr. Mason and the Handel and Haydn Society,—the latter as publisher,—eradicated in a great measure the tunes of the previous half century as used in the Puritan churches of New England. In 1827, Mr. Mason was called to the Presidency of the Society with which he had labored in another capacity, which position he held for five years, with credit alike to himself and the society over which he presided.

Very little interest in music was manifested in any section of this, at that time, comparatively new country outside the limits of Boston. Here it had taken firm root; but though much had been accomplished by Mr. Mason and others, in educating and improving the public taste, it was not until 1837 or 38 that the authorities of the city could be prevailed upon to introduce music into any of our public schools as a part of the studies of the pupils. This decision on the part of the city authorities was mainly in consequence of the influence of an organization known as the Boston Academy of Music, instituted in 1832, with Samuel A. Eliot, the father of the present President of Harvard University, as President, and Lowell Mason and Geo. Jas. Webb as musical professors. Here oratorios and smaller works were from time to time performed, and concerts exclusively for orchestra were given.

The writer has a distinct recollection of the time when Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was first performed in Boston by this society in the early years of its existence, in 1841. This was probably the first time that any one of the great symphonies of this wonderful master of harmony had ever been heard in this country; for the great orchestras of other cities did not then exist, with the exception of the New York Philharmonic, which was organized in this same year, 1841. Though fully three-fourths of an hour were consumed in its production; the *tempi* being slowly and carefully taken by Henry Schmidt as leader, with Wm. Keyser at the head of the first violins, it opened up to all hearers a new source of enjoyment till that time unknown. If the listening to an Oratorio by the Handel and Haydn Society a few years

earlier was a new revelation, the performance of a Beethoven Symphony was none the less so, and the thrill of admiration, as its ever changing beauties dragged their slow length along, is well remembered to this day, but cannot be described.

To turn from the concert room to the stage, we find from Clapp's Record of the Boston Stage, that *Der Freischütz* and the *Barber of Seville*, of course in English, were brought out at the Boston Theatre in January, 1829, under the direction of Tom Comer, as he was familiarly called, with solos by Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Papanti, Mr. Comer, Mr. Chas. E. Horn, and others.

In September, 1829, the first attempt at Italian Opera in Boston, was the production of *Tancredi* and *The Barber*. The company consisted of Madam Feron and "others of less note;" Ostinelli led the orchestra, and Tom Comer was musical director, with Wm. B. Oliver and Capt. Sam. Adams, two of Boston's notables—in their way—in the chorus.

The appearance in this city of Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, in December 1833, seems to have created quite a sensation, and it is recorded that the receipts during the engagement of December and the three days in January, five weeks, amounted to more than \$10,000, which for those times was very great. *Cinderella*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Barber*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Robert the Devil*, and *La Sonnambula*, all in English, were given by this really good company, which included among the number, Mr. Wm. F. Brough, the heavy Basno. Mrs. Wood was unquestionably the finest vocalist that had ever been heard in this country at that time, and it is not surprising that that she had many admirers. Even to this day, among some of the earlier opera goers, we hear Mrs. Wood quoted as one of the best singers they had ever heard.

The Seguin troupe first appeared in Boston in Opera at the old Tabernacle in Howard St., in 1845. The first representation of *Norma* in this city was given on the opening night. For two or three years thereafter this really fine company, though limited in number of principal artists, enjoyed a great degree of popularity. But when in 1847 Marti's Italian Opera Company, from Havana, with such artists as Tedesco, Perelli, Novelli, Vita, and many others, who would take a high rank in any company of the present day, made its appearance at the Howard in a round of Italian Operas, beginning with *Ernani*, the former favorites were forgotten. Who that heard for the first time the consummate artists named, and witnessed the grotesque girations of Sanquirico in his inimitable delineation of Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, though he could not sing, will ever forget the Havana Opera Co.? Eliza Ostinelli, afterwards Madame Biscaccianti, made a successful first appearance in Opera in 1848, the opera chosen for her debut being *La Sonnambula*. Truffi and Benedetti, who remained in this country several successive seasons and became very popular with all classes, first appeared in 1848. Those superb artists, Besio, Bettini, Badiali (the three B's, as they were called) with Salvi and Marini, were listened to by thousands through two or more seasons, first coming among us in 1850. Grisi and Ma-

rio, with that superb barytone Badiali, and Susini, then in his prime, appeared at the Boston Theatre in 1854, in a round of operas, much to the delight of all critical listeners; and in the same year the Pyne and Harrison troupe of English singers were heard in the same house in a succession of operas in English.

The Boston Academy of Music, already referred to, had a short life of some six or eight years, and from that time forward, until the arrival on our shores of the Germania Musical Society in 1848, very little orchestral music was heard. This society, composed of young men of fine musical culture, enthusiastic in their art, and numbering twenty-five all told, formed themselves into an orchestra before leaving their native land, for the purpose of giving concerts of a strictly classical character in the States of our widely extended country, and well did they fulfil their mission; many times under most disheartening circumstances, but never giving themselves up to anything unworthy of their high art aims; and it must even now be a source of pride with each member of that pioneer organization, scattered and separated from each other as they are, to know that they never prostituted art in all their wanderings, and that the good seed they so liberally sowed has returned to us and to them in the ripened grain, a thousand fold.

The arrival in this country of Mme. Jenny Lind, that world-renowned and highly-gifted songstress, who first appeared in New York in 1841, was an event of very great importance to the musical world. Thousands of delighted listeners were ever within reach of her voice on all occasions of her public performances, and no artist ever bade adieu to friends on this side the Atlantic, more sincerely loved for her art, than Mme. Jenny Lind, or Madame Goldschmidt, as she then was. The unprecedented success of this star of the first magnitude, induced others to try their fortunes with us, and the following year, 1852, brought us two of the most highly gifted vocalists of the present century, —Henrietta Sontag and Alboni; and while the Lind was bidding adieu to our shores in May of that year, the superb Sontag followed in September, and Alboni in October.

The season of 1852 was memorable in the minds of all Bostonians, from the advent among them of the artists here named, and the additional fact of the opening of the Boston Music Hall, and the establishment of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, both of the latter filling a great want at that time, and both increasing in value as the years roll on. Many others among the world's greatest artists, both vocal and instrumental, have visited us; among whom may be mentioned John Braham, in 1840, that wonderful old man of seventy, who could draw tears into the eyes of his audience as with marvellous power he declaimed Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," followed by that no less wonderful tone picture: "Waft her Angels to the skies," or thrilled the listener with his "Sound an Alarm." Madame La Grange, in 1855, and for several consecutive seasons thereafter, will be remembered as one of the most conscientious artists who ever appeared among us; versatile and satisfactory in all her roles. Adelina Patti, though then but just from her training school, in 1859 and 60, foreshadowed even at that immature period in her musical career, —one of the most brilliant and successful on record,—her subsequent world-wide reputation as a star with few if any equals and no superiors. The more recent and prolonged residence in this coun-

try of that much beloved and highly gifted artiste, the late lamented Ferepa Rosa, is remembered by all lovers of the divine art, and it may be said in truth that no artist ever contributed more to the enjoyment of the thousands who were enabled to listen to her vocalism, whether in Concert, Oratorio or Opera, than this highly accomplished artiste.

The season of 1872 and 73 will be remembered as one in which Mr. Manager Strakosch presented the people of this country with something approaching Grand Opera, with that eminent artiste, Christine Nilsson, in a company of which such names as Torriani, Cary, Campanini, Capoul, Del Puente, and Scolari were members.

A decade earlier we were regaled with the warblings of such song-birds as Laborde, Gazzaniga and Piccolemini, while the stentorian lungs of Carl Fornes and the exceedingly satisfactory vocalism of Stigelli, that highly accomplished tenor, were both listened to with pleasure and profit by our rising and ambitious young singers as well as by older patrons of the opera.

The names of Albani and Lucca will call up pleasant remembrances, while the quartet of English vocalists, which included in its number that consummate artist, Charles Santley, recalls in the minds of all lovers of the true and good in art some of the pleasantest recollections of their lives. But to enumerate all, would be to bring before the eyes of the reader the larger number of the world's greatest artists; but we forbear, though the name of Mdle. Therese Tietjens, an artiste of unqualified superiority in the roles of Grand Opera, no less than in Oratorio, must not be passed by in silence, while those of Madame Rudersdorff and Pescha-Leutner are both entitled to a place in this record.

Many of the most cultured and accomplished artists known to fame now proudly claim this country as their birth place, among whom may be named the Philipps's, Kellogg, Cary, Van Zandt, and our basso, Whitney, as the most conspicuously shining lights at the present time; while a host of lesser luminaries are scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land.

A large number of eminent pianists of both sexes, native and to the manor born, are residents of many of our larger cities, the greater portion of whom have mastered the difficulties of the instrument under the teachings of the great European masters, and who, though unable to rival the marvellous power of a Bülow or a Rubinstein, are yet equal to all requirements in the interpretation of the great works of the masters. Miss Topp, Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, Arabella Goddard, and Mad. Essipoff are not forgotten, though the two great names above given are of more recent date among us; while we still have Madame Schiller and Rivé-King, two artists of great eminence, to delight the ear of the listener. Eminent teachers of the Piano, mainly from the ranks of our own countrymen, are now found in all our large cities and smaller towns; while the same remark will apply to organ instructors and vocal teachers, as well.

With all this native talent and an ambition to excel on the part of the young women and young men of this country, it must be recorded that very little attention has as yet been given to any other instrument than the piano, if we except the organ; though some successful efforts have been made in that direction by one at least of the conservatories of music with which all our larger cities are now well supplied. In the nature of things however, the time cannot be far distant when our grand orchestras, now almost exclusively in the hands of our Teutonic fellow citizens, will be shared by our own native musicians. Of Societies for the practice of the great Oratorios of the old masters as well as

the new, the Boston Handel and Haydn Society holds the undisputed first place for efficiency, as it ranks first in age, having survived the changes and reverses of more than sixty years. Of the formation of other similar organizations we may be permitted to quote from the report of the President of the Handel and Haydn Society made in 1875. He says: "We find them on the shores of the Pacific, the hills of Nevada, and among the older cities of our wide spread country, many bearing our names, and in most cases owing their origin to those who received their first impressions of the true value to a community of a society of this nature from the parent society of Boston." Where there was but one choral society, and that the Handel and Haydn, some twenty-five years ago, there are now, scattered through our cities and larger towns from the easternmost limits of our country even to the far Pacific coast, many like organizations, all engaged in the work of educating the masses in the higher branches of musical knowledge. Singing clubs composed of male voices only, and others where the united voices of both sexes are employed to interpret works of the highest order of vocal writing, which until a recent period were entirely unknown, have been formed in many of the large cities and their performances are among the most enjoyable of the musical season.

The festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society, which occur every third year in the month of May, take rank as the great musical events of the country, and visitors from great distances are found in attendance. Cincinnati has within a few years organized a similar series of festivals and has met with success in the venture, which is an evidence of the interest aroused in the Middle and Western States, in classical music.

Composers of Symphonies, Oratorios, and works of less magnitude, whose creations would do credit to writers in the more highly cultured centres of musical art in the old world, are now found in the new.

The Thomas Orchestra is entitled to the first rank as an organization of musicians, and it has accomplished a great work in presenting compositions of the highest order of merit, as well as those of a lighter character, to those in distant places as well as in our older cities; thereby elevating the taste of many who until such hearing were ignorant of the character of such compositions as are presented by this fine band of musicians. They have successfully followed out the work so well begun and accomplished by the Germania thirty years previously.

The Harvard Musical Association is to Boston what the Philharmonic Society of New York is to that city. It is an organization employing an orchestra for the especial purpose of presenting the great works of the Masters in Symphonic form, now in its thirteenth year of active service, each season; and to no Association in this country is a greater degree of credit due for persistent and untiring energy in bringing before our cultured audiences those creations of genius now so familiar to concert goers, than to that of the Harvard Musical Association. Long may it be sustained as one of the indispensable institutions of Boston.

When each of our great cities can point to an established orchestra like the two Philharmonic Societies of New York and Brooklyn, and the Harvard Musical Society of Boston, as permanent institutions, then we may justly lay claim to being a musical country; and when we consider the position occupied in the musical world by our vocal artists, we may well say that sunny Italy can no longer be considered *par excellence*, as the land of song. That honor must at least be divided with the fair daughters and brave sons of America; and the day cannot be far distant when the more highly cultured Teutonic and Saxon races of the old world will also feel honored in sharing the crown so long worn by them with their ambitious rivals on this side of the broad Atlantic.

The two great Gilmore Jubilees of 1869 and 1872, though partaking largely of the sensational, are worthy of mention in this record; the first, as satisfac-

torily solving a question till then untried, as to whether so large a body of choristers as was contained in that chorus,—stated to be five thousand,—could sing together in time and tune; and the second,—that of three years later,—as introducing to us three military Bands, unequalled, and in no sense previously approached by any similar organizations in this country; England, France and Germany were each thus represented. That Jubilee was also remarkable for the great number who occupied the seats assigned for the grand chorus, which was stated to consist of some twenty thousand, but that portion of the performances which fell to that immense body could hardly be called a success. Financially it was a disastrous failure, while that of 1869 was a financial success.

This somewhat crude and certainly imperfect résumé of the wide-spread and rapid stride that music has made in this country during the period under consideration would be still more defective were we to omit mention of two important branches of the musical art in the mechanical department, not heretofore touched upon.

The manufacture of musical instruments, particularly of Piano-fortes and Reed organs, has grown to colossal proportions in this country during the last half century, (though the introduction of the Reed organ is of more recent date), until it has become one of the most important branches of industry; and the products of the best makers are found in all the principal cities of Europe as well as those of our own country. It is true that thousands of both descriptions of instruments are only made to sell, without regard to durability or quality of tone, but our best will challenge comparison with any manufactured in the older workshops of the world.

But perhaps no department of musical activity has made more rapid strides or reached a higher grade of financial success than that of the music publishers. And though tons of trash in the form of sheet music, which mainly adorn the music racks of the Miss Flimseys of the country, and thousands of books of Church Psalmody, manufactured expressly to sell at "Conventions," are annually put through the hands of the engraver and the press man; a marked change in the demand for a higher order of compositions, from all sections of the country, is an encouraging indication of improved musical culture among us.

We have here attempted to chronicle, however imperfectly, our progress as a nation in the culture of music, and to point out some of the advantages which we have reaped from it in a business point of view; but our great need has not, as yet, been referred to:—a college of music, not a castle in the air, like the one so nearly erected—on paper—but a few years ago and recently revived again, where millions, now thousands, had already been pledged by some one of vast wealth for this purpose. Such an institution must have at its head a man of acknowledged ability and possessed of the highest musical acquirements, with instructors in each department of high professional attainments, that our rising generation of natural musicians may gain the knowledge they seek, without crossing the seas, as many now do; and where the most rigid tests shall alone entitle the graduate to wear a degree; then if we find a Mus. Doc. or a Professor among us, we shall know his authority for wearing the high-sounding title. No reflections are intended in these remarks, on those who have earned their titles, but on those only who assume them.

Too little attention is now given by our teachers, both in and out of conservatories, to the first rudiments, so essential to all, until it has become a nearly universal remark, that we have no readers now, as formerly. We know personally of some young ladies who have "graduated" from some Conservatory, well advertised as furnishing pupils with thorough musical education, and who have already filled some important position at a single concert; it may be after the "Poi Parrot" method of committing everything to memory, through the medium of the ear, but who ignominiously failed to pass an examination for admission to a church choir, simply because it was quite impossible for them to read a plain hymn tune at sight; and who were obliged to resort to private instruction for the purpose of supplying this important lack in their musical education, though at the time of "graduating" they were told that they were Artists! The small and unimportant (!) matter of reading had never been taught them.

For our present purpose it matters not whether the Conservatory referred to is located in New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago. The facts are as stated.

The principal object however of this record is not to point out our needs or to criticize men or measures, but to show in some slight degree the progress we have made as a nation in this most delightful, most ennobling, and most highly valued of all human arts. There is force in the remark, that he who writes the songs of a nation is mightier than he who makes its laws. Then let us look well to the culture of our song writers.

Roman Notes.

[Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

Rome, Italy, March 22, 1878.—It is the season of concerts in Rome; the most important one we have had was Sgambati's, which took place a few days ago at the Sala Dante. All the musical notabilities—professors and amateurs—as well as literary personages—were present; among these, Massenet, who is now in Rome superintending the rehearsals of his opera, *Il Re di Lahore*, which was sung for the first time at the Apollo last evening; Prehn, the distinguished violoncellist; Madame Helbig; Kendell, the German Ambassador, who is an *fanatico per la musica*; Countess Giulucci (nata Clara Novello); her clever sisters, Miss Sibilla Novello and Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke, to whom all Shakespeare students are grateful; any number of Roman princes and princesses—who have a taste for the arts, it is supposed, by inheritance, etc., etc.,—the list is endless.

It was a delightful concert, and displayed Sgambati in his double musical character as composer and executant. Sgambati is a cold, reserved man; has exquisite dignity of presence, which would be haughty if it were not for the fine nuances of self-respect and gentlemanlike, modest self-possession. When he sits down to the piano his serious, contained manner gives no hope of the fire and passion you afterwards discover in his performance. He is very *serio* in execution. You feel confidence in him from the beginning. The first piece on the programme gave us a chance to notice the firmer qualities of his playing. It was the 32 variations with Tema in *Do minor*, opus 86, Beethoven, "a composition that is regarded as a *tour de force* of harmonic, rhythmic and counterpoint science, and which demands a serious executant." This was followed by one of his own remarkable quintets for piano and strings, the *Fa minor*. Sgambati's quintets have been attracting much attention in Germany. They are now placed in the repertoire of

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with the works of Schumann, Brahms, Rheinberger and Raff. His second quintet has been executed lately with great success in the concerts of Hellmberger, at Vienna. Capocci, the clever musical critic of the *Liberia* (son of the well-known old Maestro di Capella Capocci, of St. John of Lateran), says, in his excellent notice of Sgambati's last concert, when alluding to the quintet in *Fa Minor*: "This great opus of serious character and workmanship, rather advanced in its style, should be listened to by a public already accustomed to compositions of the modern school. The multiplicity of ideas, the richness of development, the freedom of form and novelty of thought, which characterize it, make of this quintet a work of the first order." "A prophet is not a prophet," in his own country, we are told, but this is the way Sgambati is judged by a clever townsman, who has grown up with him from boyhood.

After the quintet, Sgambati sat down to the piano, and played a succession of solos that were, as the Romans say, *veramente stupendo*. He began with his own *Notturno*, and the fine *Prehudio* and *Fuga*; then he played a brilliant *Capriccio* of Scarlatti; a *Chant Polonoise* of Chopin, translated by Liszt, and a *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn's. This brilliant chaplet, which contained Wagner's *Core di Filatrici del Vascello Fantasma*, transcribed by Liszt, displayed the executant's marvellous command of technique, as well as his high order of musical conception and expression. It closed with a perfect rendering of Chopin's bold, energetic 8th *Polonoise* and Liszt's *Rapsodia Ungherese*, which lifted up his audience on mighty wings of musical emotion.

A GREAT PIANIST.

I have heard most, if not all, the great pianists of the last thirty-five years, and as I recall them and their comparative grades of merit as executants, I place Sgambati first. I do not name Liszt in this category, of course. That celebrated artist,

whom I have had the great privilege to know intimately for many years, is the king, the emperor of pianists. He is unequalled. He is the poet of the instrument. Under his hands the ivory and ebony keys are as biddable as a flexible and perfect voice, and what wonderful hands are those of Liszt! I once had a chance to look at them in Palmistry light. I was deeply interested in Desbarrolles and other works on that doubtful but fascinating lore. Story, the sculptor, has a cast in plaster of Chopin's hand, which is the sickest and saddest one I ever saw, and which was, I am sorry to report, on the authority of a Russian Princess, who was one of his best pupils, and to whom he dedicated one of his Etudes—a very dirty hand with nails that were never clean! This cast I studied very carefully, and told Liszt of the result of my examinations. We laughed over the subject, and Liszt talked of Desbarrolles, whom he had known, and of Zingara Bohemian cleverness in Palmistry. No intelligent person believes in either fortune telling or ghosts, and yet many of us are of the opinion of a good old country woman, whom I asked, when I was a child, if she believed in ghosts. "No, no! I don't believe in them," she said; then added, with a laugh, "yet, after all, I'm afraid of them."

LISZT'S HAND.

"What can you make out of my hand?" said Liszt, gayly, holding out to me his square, large one, the knotty fingers of which tell of the command of learned music. What a proof of Desbarrolles' theory is to be found in the hand and fingers of this celebrated artist! It is a mixed one; that is, the fingers are varied, some are round, some square and some flat or spatula; this is the true hand of an artist, for it betokens form and idea. The palm is covered with rays, betraying that his life has been an agitated, eventful one, full of passion and emotion,—but the philosophic and material *veins*, or knots, on the Apollo and Mercury fingers, the logic and will on that wonderful long thumb, which extends beyond the middle joint of the fore-finger, shows how this remarkable man has been able to conquer instincts and govern temperament. According to palmistry this self-control is shown in the palm lines, which are a little defaced. Serious, severe work, and study of a high and noble character, have effaced the impressions of a stormy youth, and placed him in old age on a lofty plane where he enjoys serenity and peace. The line of life is the strongest I ever saw; and numberless lines start out from the Jupiter mount. The fingers are remarkable. The Jupiter and Saturn fingers are square; the ring, or Apollo, and little, or Mercury fingers, are spatula, flat and broad. The second phalange of the Jupiter finger is longer than the first, which denotes ambition. The Saturn finger is full of knots. There is a wart on the Apollo finger of the right hand. The force of the little finger on both hands is tremendous; the knuckle seems as if made of iron. The knuckle of the Apollo finger is very strongly developed. The knuckle of the Saturn finger is like a hinge. A line starts from the root of the Apollo finger and traverses all the joints; it is strongly marked; this means great renown. Healy, our distinguished American portrait painter, who lives in Paris, has Liszt's two cunning hands in bronze, posed as if they were on the piano. He had a cast taken of Liszt's hands ten years ago, when he painted the fine portrait of the great pianist dressed in the Abbé's dress, seated at a piano. This portrait was taken under the most favorable circumstances. Healy had a grand piano placed in his studio and painted Liszt while he was playing. Healy and Liszt were friends, both living in Rome at the time. It was that memorable winter of '68-'69, when we had in this city Longfellow and Liszt and Buchanan Read and a host of artistic celebrities, most of whom were intimate friends. Healy afterwards had the plaster hands of Liszt cast into bronze. If you go to Mr. Healy's picturesque studio in Paris, 66 Rue Rochefoucauld, you can see them and discover more than I tell you in this hasty remembrance; you can also see there the remarkable portrait of Liszt and portraits of many other notabilities whom Mr. Healy has painted.

LISZT'S FRIEND AND PUPIL.

But to go back to Sgambati, Liszt's favorite pupil and valued friend. You probably know little about his great musical merits in America, and, as he is a hard student, unambitious—moreover has a very happy, full, rich life in Rome—he is not likely to conquer foreign laurels by artistic journeys. He has some means, a large number of pupils, and

is devoted to the direction of music in the Academy of Santa Cecilia. It is only those who have the chance of hearing Sgambati in Rome that can appreciate what a treasure we possess. He is rarely seen in society; never plays in salons, except for some intimate friend. A few weeks ago, at one of my Saturday evenings, he delighted us by playing Mendelssohn's "On wings of song;" but this is a rare occurrence.

Sgambati is young, not over thirty, about middle size; has dark hair, which he wears *à la Raffaele*. When he was very young he resembled the portraits of the great artist of Urbino. He has dark eyes and brown skin. To his friends he is gentle and charming, and has one of the softest and sweetest of low voices. Lately there has been an article published in the Vienna annual review, *Die Dioskuren*, upon Italian artists, painters, sculptors and musicians. The author is Count C. Zaluski, a literary person of taste and culture. Apropos to our Roman executant and composer he writes: "The long residence of Liszt in Rome has left a permanent impression on the music of that city. He formed there

A GREAT MUSICAL STUDENT.

who seems destined to procure for his country another musical glory. Giovanni Sgambati is not only a pianist of the first order: he is a composer endowed with extraordinary talent, to which are added the most serious and profound studies. He already enjoys great fame, and has attracted the attention of Wagner."

The author then relates that when Wagner was in Rome, last year, he heard Sgambati's two quintets for piano and strings, and continues thus:

"How much grace and passion, what admirable harmonic chains and exquisite workmanship these important compositions reveal cannot be expressed in a few words. Wagner admired them so much that he wrote instantly to his editor, Schott, in Mayence, recommending him to secure these quintets and to publish them. An overture (*Rienzi*) is another work of Sgambati's of great merit, and a *Preluda* and a *Fuga* for piano-forte. The *Preluda* is remarkable for the novelty of its technicality. The *Fuga* has for its theme the well-known chorale from which the Monk Aretino took the names of the musical scale."

You will probably remember that ten years ago I was enthusiastic in my notices of Sgambati, who was then a youth of twenty, "already a master," as Liszt said to me at the time. I have followed his progress with pride and pleasure, and have been glad to chronicle each year his fast succeeding triumphs. Sgambati's quiet, happy life in Rome with his beautiful, charming wife, his close, severe studies, his dignified avoidance of all *réclamés*, give him an attraction few artists possess. It is pleasant to see fame come spontaneously to one who merits it, it is true, but who has never courted that capricious goddess.

ANNE HAMPTON BREWSTER.

Female Voice Culture.

The Rev. Edward E. Hale has written Mrs. Annie D. C. Hardy the following letter on the cultivation of the female voice:—

DEAR MRS. HARDY:—What I said to the ladies in church after your reading was, in substance, this: I value such instructions as Mrs. Hardy's, and those of the school of teachers which she represents, because I hope they may improve in the course of time the bad voices to which my countrywomen are now trained. I ascribe it mostly to the habits of our large schools; some people ascribe it to the dryness of our climate; whatever be the reason, the fact is that most American women talk with a shrill voice, and if they wish to gain power seek it by sharpening the note, or screaming, rather than by giving it more volume. I remember at the great dining-saloon of the Bauer-au-Lac Hotel in Zurich, both the largest and finest dining-hall I ever saw, when five hundred people were dining at once at their different tables. I could single out my own countrywomen in all parts of the hall, no matter what their distance, by the shrill yell, more or less nasal, with which they summoned the waiters, or dined soup, asked for a napkin, or passed from pastry to ice-cream. Above the general roar of the buzz-buzz-buzz of five hundred voices in conversation you could distinguish the war-cry of these eight or ten American women as you distinguish signal rockets at night above a long and dark line

of entrenchments. A casual observer would have no difficulty in telling, at the end of the day, how much pastry these women ate, or how often their plates were changed. We are so used to it in a Sound steamer here, or other hall where women are together, that we do not notice it here. You need to be in another land to know what it is. Some people, as I say, ascribe this to the climate. I do not. If it were climate, you and Mrs. Smith would speak with this clarion cry, as you do not. There may be a tendency that way in the climate, but the Indian women do not have this shriek, and such black women from the South as I have known have been apt to speak in what we should call a subdued contralto. The general habit is to use the *di testa* voice almost wholly. The joke is bad, but the custom is detestable. I ascribe it to the custom of the grammar schools and the primary schools which makes little girls "read up," as it is called. The teachers really expect a child of five to fill with her voice a room fifty feet square and fifteen feet high. Now, in simplicity, when a child of that age speaks in church to her mother in her natural voice, no person is conscious of it except in the next pew. She does not affect the congregation at large at all. Nor ought the child at school to read any louder than she talks naturally. But just as long as Miss Love-child or Miss Screamwell, the teacher, expect the poor thing to "read louder," so long will she change her home voice for a school scream; and in the end the school scream takes the place of the home voice. Lear says of Cordelia:—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

If I had money enough I would have that written in large signs, in letters of gold, and hung in every school-room in the country. Failing that, if you and those like you will go about on a crusade showing women how to use all the muscles which belong to the human voice, why, women will find that it is pleasanter to talk and read so than it is when they use only the poor, worn-out throat and palate, and the apparatus, such as it is, of the back of the nose. I do not write in the interests of public speaking. I should have no tears if I never heard a woman make a speech. But in the interests of reading aloud, of school-room and of talk, which is probably the thing which does most to make life happy, I bid you and yours God-speed!

EDWARD E. HALE.

Weak Middle Tones in the Voice.

The Chicago *Tribune* is publishing a series of "Talks about Singing," the talker being a teacher in that city, who signs herself ANNIE M. R. BARNETTE. Here is the seventh talk, worth the attention, we should think, of any would-be singer:

The question that is asked me, perhaps, the oftenest in the many charming and appreciative letters which I have received from every part of the United States since I began these "Talks about Singing," is, "Why are my middle tones so weak and husky?" or, "My low and high tones are clear and tolerably strong, but why is the middle of my voice so insignificant, or unpleasant in quality?" In almost every case, without having heard the voices, from the written description of their faults, weaknesses, and peculiarities, I judge them to be light and high sopranos. Now, there is one fact to which little or no attention seems to be paid by singing-teachers in general, which is, that voices often have what the Italians call, *Una buca nella voce*,—"a hole in the voice," and in light sopranos this weak spot is found in the middle tones, from G, second line, up to C sharp, third space; therefore, these tones should be sung very carefully; and it is of no use for the possessor of such a voice to try to strengthen this dangerous spot, for it cannot be done without injury to these tones and almost the ruin of those next above. They are, like the thin spots in ice, to be passed over lightly and rapidly, for to linger upon them heavily is sure destruction; but, as compensation, Nature gives to these middle tones of a light soprano a deliciously tender quality, which, carefully managed, is capable of the most pleasing effects. They may also be much improved, be sweetened, cleared, and rounded, but can never be made as bright or strong as the tones above immediately following. The reason why they are "weak and insignificant" is because they are too often made so by the fatal habit of carrying the chest tones beyond their just limits; and this sort of voice is the most apt to run into this fault; for, feeling sensible of this unavoidable gap, made more perceptible by the contrast with the brightness and brilliancy of the head tones, they instinctively try to strengthen

the middle of the voice by giving it the only deep quality that they know how to use, which is, the chest tone carried up as far as possible. A light soprano in its normal condition abhors a chest tone and never uses it unless obliged to; but it is often able to sing a tolerably strong medium tone or middle C, D, E, and F. When I find this natural disinclination to sing chest tones (those formed behind the soft palate) in perfectly healthy voices of this kind, I never attempt to have them sing with this quality of tone until they have cultivated to the highest degree the middle and head registers; then the gaining of the two or three chest tones needed will be easy work.

Although carrying the chest tones too high weakens the middle ones, it is loud singing, forcing the voice that renders it husky; and what an extreme folly to fancy that screaming or shouting when you sing will change a small voice into a large one or make any person believe that it is large! You might as well try to change the color of your eyes. Why not be content with the quality of voice Nature has given you, and strive to beautify it? Make your tones pure, clear, sweet, and strong, if they will admit of strength without sacrificing some more important quality. My master, Prof. VANNUCCI, of Florence, used frequently to say: "Oh, you Americans think everything of quantity and nothing of quality of voice, and you would all of you swell out to be oxen, when everybody can see that you are only frogs all the while." He is so rigid a disciple of the seventeenth century purists, and so careful himself in his treatment of voices, that, although he delights in a robust dramatic voice, whenever he finds one, yet I believe the tendency to howl, which characterizes so many of his pupils from this side of the Atlantic, gives him more trouble than all their other faults; and old ROMANI, lately dead, who was called by musicians in Italy the *Babbo di tutti maestri*,—the "Father of all the Teachers,"—had the same horror of hearing anyone sing beyond the natural power and strength of the voice. Whenever I used to meet him he would invariably say: "What are you doing now, Cara?" "I am teaching singing." "That is right, that is right; only don't let them howl! There is no more singing nowadays; singers only yell." But he used to go every night to hear Albani in "Mignon," he said: "It is a lesson for me."

There is one singer of whom you could all take a lesson in the skillful and careful management of a very small voice, especially weak in the middle register, and that is Miss THURSBY; she has a beautiful method, and always sings with the utmost care. You can give yourself comfortably up to the enjoyment of the moment, feeling sure that all the middle tones will be humored, touched tenderly, and brought well to the front of the mouth; that the high tones will be thrown up into the head and not shrieked forth; that her phrasing will not be so long that you are in fear lest she lose her breath altogether or break a blood-vessel in her efforts; that her words will be sung as if she had a story to tell which she wanted you to hear and understand. One grand secret of Miss Thurstby's success as a concert singer, aside from her charmingly modest and dignified manner, is the fact that she rarely, if ever, sings a piece not thoroughly suited to her voice and ability. In thus doing she shows consummate wisdom; for so much of the proper effect of music depends upon the choice of songs, that you ought to refuse—no matter how injudiciously urged, or how much you yourself may like the pieces—to sing music composed for a voice differing widely from your own. As nearly all English songs are written for mezzo-sopranos, it is rather difficult for a high, light voice to find anything exactly suited to it outside of Italian music; and as many, naturally and justly, prefer to sing in their native language, their repertory becomes still more limited. One general rule I will give you, however, to aid in the selection of songs; choose those that are the most easy for you to sing, that tire you the least, and in which your voice sounds sweetest, clearest, and best. Let a high soprano avoid songs lying nearly all on the middle voice. Also those requiring long sustained notes, for however easy and abundant may be the breath and skillful the power of managing it, this sort of music will in a short time, entirely destroy the delicate beauty of the tones; a mezzo-soprano, no matter how extensive her compass, must shun a constant succession of high tones, and a contralto need not, if she wishes to preserve her voice, try to sing music requiring power on the middle, and the few high tones generally belonging to this sort of voice. How many contraltos we hear which are worn out,—and there is no more painful wreck,—while their possessors are still comparatively young.

After a Ball—A Musician's Dream.

Alas, I now remember it too well,
I dreamed I died—effect of punch and turkey—
My songful soul was hurried down to hell
One awful midnight, stormy, rainy, murky.
Around me in this dreadful spot appeared
A multitude of little scarlet devils,
Unightly imps, who at my coming leered,
And bade my trembling soul to join their revels.
Gazing around, I missed in great surprise
The brimstone lakes and furnaces of fire:
No boiling lead, gnashed teeth, dilated eyes—
Nothing, in fact, real horror to inspire.
Alas, I could not know old Satan's ways;
My guileless soul harbored a curious error;
The little pagan devils at their plays
Were destined to arouse my greatest terror.

With ominous smiles, the leader of the band
Produced from some dark hole a grand piano,
Which he then played, really with artist hand,
And sang Abt's "Swallows" with a cracked soprano.

So far, so good. The devils cleared their throats,
And, with a most infernal nerve and frenzy,
Sang—Heaven protect me!—with discordant notes,
The favorite choral morceaux from "Rienzi."

And, oh, most cruel, then, between each bar
An aged maniac demon, lean and hoary,
Sang, in the dialect of Temesvar,
"Di quella pira," from "Il Trovatore!"

And when this aggravating, mad, unclean
Old devil forced his vilely shrill falsetto
To perpetrate some wild *ut de poitrine*,
The other brazen imps howled "Rigoletto!"

Then I began to understand real hell,
If mortals and musicians, really such, can;
Till with heartrending shrieks and grunts as well
The devils played with zest the "Flying Dutchman."

They saw my feverish brow turn pale and white,
And (oh, imagine most æsthetic Reber!)
These awful beings, with insane delight,
Massacred Gluck, assassinated Weber!

Then peerless Beethoven was tortured too,
Chopin's Nocturnes were given in shrill staccati,
And with cacophonous yells this mongrel crew
Played Gounod's "Dreams" in falsest pizzicati.

And not content with all this pain, the pack
Placed in my hands a mammoth hurdy gurdy,
And made me play for hours all Offenbach,
American songs, and the first style of Verdi.

At last, driven wild, I threw it down and fell,
Assailed by shouts, by jeers, and innuendoes,
Until, delirious in this jingling hell,
I swooned, and woke amid their last crescendoes.

—*"Dorém!" in the New York Sun.*

The Cincinnati Festival.

MAY, 1878.

Musical Director—Theodore Thomas.

Assistant Musical Director—Otto Singer.

Principal Vocal Performers—Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim, soprano; Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Miss Emma Cranch, contralto; Miss Louise Rollwagen, contralto; Mr. Charles R. Adams, tenor; Mr. Christian Fritsch, tenor; Signor G. Tagliapietra, baritone; Mr. M. W. Whitney, bass; Mr. Franz Remmert, bass.

Organist—Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.

Full Chorus—Orchestra.

FIRST NIGHT.

Tuesday, May 14.—Scenes from "Alceste," Gluck; Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cranch, Miss Heckle, Messrs. Adams, Fritsch, Tagliapietra, Whitney and Remmert. Chorus and orchestra.

Dedication Ceremonies: "Festival Ode"—written expressly for this occasion by Otto Singer—Mme. Pappenheim, Messrs. Adams and Whitney. Intermission. Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica," Op. 55, Beethoven, Orchestra.

FIRST MATINEE.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 15.—Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Orchestra. Aria, "O don Fatale," "Don Carlos," Verdi; Miss Annie Louise Cary. March Tempo, Symphony, "Leonore," Raff; Orchestra. Aria, "Oberon," Weber; Mr. Charles Adams. Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saëns; Orchestra. Aria, "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer; Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim. Intermission. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Orchestra. Largo, adapted by J. Helmesberger, Handel; for Violins, Violas, Harp, Organ and Violin Obligato by Theodore Thomas. Song, "The Palms," Faure; Sig. G. Tagliapietra. Duo, "Requiem," Verdi; Mme. Pappenheim and Miss Cary. "Trümmerei," Schumann; Orchestra. Overture, "William Tell," Rossini; Orchestra.

SECOND NIGHT.

Wednesday, May 15.—Oratorio, "The Messiah," Handel; Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, Mr. Fritsch, Mr. Whitney, Grand Chorus, Great Organ and Orchestra. Intermission between the first and second parts of the oratorio.

SECOND MATINEE.

Thursday afternoon, May 16.—Unfinished Symphony, Schubert; Orchestra. Aria, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," "Magic Flute," Mozart; Mr. M. W. Whitney. Aria, "Penelope weaving a garment," "Odysseus," Bruch; Miss Emma Cranch. Aria, "Cujus Animam," Stabat

Mater, Rossini; Mr. Christian Fritsch. Capriccio, Op. 4, Graedner; Orchestra. "Repose in peace," from Randecker's "Fridolin," Mrs. E. Aline Osgood.

Intermission. Selections from "Lohengrin," Wagner, "Vorspiel," Orchestra; "Lohengrin's Disclosure and Departure," Mr. Charles Adams. "Invitation to the Dance," Weber, adapted for orchestra by Hector Berlioz, Orchestra. Recitative, "Awake, Saturnia," Aria, "Hence, Hence, Away," "Semele," Handel, Miss Annie Louise Cary. Menuet, Boccherini, String Orchestra. Song, "The Valley," Gounod, Sig. G. Tagliapietra. Sextet "Lucia," Donizetti; Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cranch, Messrs. Adams, Fritsch, Tagliapietra and Whitney.

THIRD NIGHT.

Thursday, May 16.—Chorus, "Wach Auf," Third Act "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven, Orchestra. "Götterdämmerung," Wagner, Siegfried's Death, Finale, Orchestra and Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim. Intermission. Symphony No. 9, D minor, Op. 125, Beethoven, with final chorus to Schiller's ode, "Hymn of Joy," orchestra, solo, quartet and chorus; recitative, solos, quartet and chorus, Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Mr. Remmert.

THIRD MATINEE.

Friday afternoon, May 17.—Prelude, choral, fugue, adapted for orchestra by J. J. Abert, Bach; Orchestra. Aria, "Nasci il bosco," Handel; Miss Louise Rollwagen. Aria, "Der Freischütz," Weber; Mr. Christian Fritsch. Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Orchestra. Scene and Aria, "Abscheulicher," "Fidello," Beethoven; Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim. Selections from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; a. Monologue; b. Cobbler's Song; c. Quintet; Mr. Franz Remmert, Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Rollwagen, Messrs. Adams and Fritsch. "Ride of the Valkyres," Wagner; Orchestra. Intermission. Selections from "Manfred," a. Overture; b. Interlude; c. Invocation of the Alpine Fay, Schumann; Orchestra. "Loreley," Liszt; Mrs. E. Aline Osgood. Aria, "La Juive," Halevy; Mr. M. W. Whitney. Aria, "Abu Hassan," Weber; Miss Annie Louise Cary. Serenade, Schubert; Sig. G. Tagliapietra. Scene and Quintet, "Ballo in Maschera," Verdi; Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Messrs. Adams, Tagliapietra, and Whitney.

FOURTH NIGHT.

Friday, May 17.—"Missa Solennis," Liszt, composed for the One Thousandth Anniversary of the Cathedral of Gran, in Hungary, (first time in America)—Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Rollwagen, Mr. Fritsch, and Mr. Whitney; Chorus, organ and orchestra. Intermission. "Romeo and Juliet," Symphony Dramatic, op. 27, Berlioz, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Mr. Remmert; Orchestra, and Chorus.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22.—At the sixth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, April 6, there was a remarkably fine performance of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, a work which we were glad to hear again, as it has been neglected for a number of years past. The concert began with the music to "Egmont," consisting of the Overture and the two beautiful songs which Beethoven has given to Clara; the first of which is sung as she sits with her mother winding a skein of yarn. This was followed by the orchestral entr'acte succeeding the interview of Egmont with William of Orange, who warns him that he is in danger and urges him to flee. Then followed the last song: "Freudvoll und leidvoll." The programme ended with the funeral music from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, and the finale to the same opera. The orchestra was excellent in this music as well as in the symphony, and Mme. Pappenheim sang the solos very acceptably. It is certain that Mr. Thomas has made these concerts very successful this year, as the Academy has been well filled at each concert.

The sixth and last of the Thomas Symphony concerts took place at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, April 11, with the following programme:

Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
Cavatina—"Flowers of the Valley," (Euryanthe), Weber
Mrs. E. A. Osgood.
Concerto, No. 1, in E flat.....Liszt
Mr. Max Pinner.
Introduction—"Tristan and Isolde," Finale—
"Isolde's Death,".....Wagner
Isolde: Mrs. E. A. Osgood.
Symphony, No. 5, C minor, Op. 67.....Beethoven

The symphony was well played, but not as well as I have heard it. No fault was to be found with the stringed instruments; but the brass gave out

some very dubious sounds in certain passages. This was the more surprising, because we are accustomed to expect from the Thomas orchestra perfection in every detail.

Mr. Pinner performed the difficult Concerto of Liszt's with ease and precision. He seems to be free from the defects usually apparent in the playing of young or "rising" pianists. His touch is firm and even, though not very powerful, for at times his instrument was quite overpowered by the orchestra. He gave a recital of piano music at Steinway Hall on April 6, which I did not attend, and could judge of his playing only by hearing the Concerto.

Mrs. Osgood sang Weber's delightful Cavatina very acceptably, but the Wagner music was far beyond the power of her voice.

The audience was large, and at the close of the concert Mr. Thomas was recalled to the platform and greeted with a round of applause, which testified to a hearty appreciation of his work during the winter.

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18.—Mr. Emil Liebling's second recital came off in due time after one postponement, and presented a programme made up of Schumann and Chopin selections. A fine audience was present, and the various numbers were highly approved, especially the Schumann Toccata and the Chopin Fantasia. The interpretation of the latter did not coincide with the ideas of your correspondent. But never mind. For all that, I wish Mr. Liebling would play six recitals every year instead of two or three; for whether one likes his interpretations or not, and however much one may differ from him on questions of taste, he at least plays cleanly and with great power and delicacy, and to that extent his ministrations conduce to the elevation of current piano-playing.

Then, too, here is Mr. Silas G. Pratt with two recitals. His first was given last Monday afternoon with this programme:

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| No. 1. a. Bourée, in A minor, from the English Suites..... | Bach |
| b. Etude, Op. 13..... | Henselt |
| c. Circeling of the Gnomes..... | Liszt |
| Song, "Bride Bells,"..... | Roskell |
| Mrs. Stacy. | |
| No. 2. a. Bird as a Prophet..... | Schumann |
| b. Kreisleriana, No. 4 and 5..... | Liszt |
| Songs. a. It must be Wonderful..... | Liszt |
| b. His Coming..... | Frans |
| No. 3. a. Valse in C sharp, Op. 64, No. 2..... | Chopin |
| b. Berceuse..... | |
| c. Ballad in G minor..... | |
| Songs. a. My own Ideal..... | S. G. Pratt |
| b. Stay at Home, my Heart..... | |
| No. 4. a. Improvising..... | S. G. Pratt |
| b. Romance, No. 2..... | |
| c. Polonaise in A Flat..... | |

Mr. Pratt is a hard-working and ambitious musician, frequently with more zeal than discretion, yet after all a really deserving man, and his audience was of the most friendly. On this occasion he was not in good condition and was so much disturbed by noises outside the hall, (something almost impossible to avoid in a city in the day-time) that he was unable to do himself justice. Ten years ago Mr. Pratt was a sheet-music salesman, playing but little, and that mostly "on the sly." He has since studied and worked very hard and feels competent to take up such a programme as the one above. With this kind of stuff in him he deserves to succeed, and I hereby give him benediction. As a pianist he stands high (if that is the proper term to use) among our local teachers. In fact we have four piano teachers who play in public: Messrs. Liebling, Ledochowski, Pratt, and Wolfsohn; and each one is strong in a particular direction. Mr. Ledochowski belongs, I suppose, rather to the French school. Liebling and Pratt are after Liszt (somewhat); and Mr. Wolfsohn is, is Wolfsohn.

Mr. Eddy has just given his fiftieth organ recital of the present series, in which no organ numbers have been repeated. As each recital embraced eight numbers, a perhaps not too difficult mathematical calculation will show that to date he must have played at least four hundred pieces—many of them, it is to be hoped, for the last time; and therein has begun to illustrate his repertory. At the same time it is but just to the readers and to this correspondent to add that, the present season, Mr. Eddy has been so crowded with teaching as to have been unable to practice his programmes properly; in consequence of which some things have not been done as well as one would expect. And so last Saturday night a small crowd of musical people gathered by invitation at Mrs. Hershey's and a sort of celebration was held in Mr. Eddy's honor, and many happy returns desired.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1878.

Easter Oratorio.

The Handel and Haydn Society on Sunday evening closed its successful series of four Oratorio performances with (we believe) its sixtieth performance of *The Creation*. Haydn's fresh, beautiful and graphic music still has power to charm. The audience quite filled the Boston Music Hall, and all seemed pleased and satisfied. The rendering on the whole was excellent. The chorus seats were remarkably full and the ensemble of tone very rich and full and musical. All went with precision, spirit and good light and shade, so far as the voices were concerned. The instruments, to be sure, warmed only gradually into perfect tune; some of them were not a little out at first, and "Chaos" in the Introduction rather overdid its part. Mr. LANG was at his old post at the Organ, and there was nothing wanting there. The effect of nearly every one of the great choruses was truly inspiring.

The solo passages, too, which constitute the largest portion of the work, were in excellent hands. Miss EMMA C. THURBY's pure and flexible Soprano voice has lost none of its loveliness. Though she was somewhat hoarse, it did not affect the brilliancy or sweetness of her upper tones, causing at the most a little weakness, and occasionally a slight tremolo in the middle notes. Haydn's graceful, naturally florid, limpid melody was admirably suited to her voice and style; and seldom have we heard "With verdure clad," or the soprano part in the Trios, or the tender melodies of Eve so beautifully, artistically, and finely sung. "On mighty pens," of course, was a greater thing with a great voice like Jenny Lind's; yet Miss Thurbury sang it wonderfully well. Taken altogether her effort charmed by its simplicity, its purity and exquisite refinement. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY's grand voice was of course fully equal to all the demands of the descriptive music in the first part; in his great rich, tones the pictures were sometimes magnified beyond one's previous conception; and we know not what Father Haydn would have thought to hear those last tones carried down an octave. In the earlier portions, too, Mr. Whitney was not always true in pitch; but this disturbance disappeared ere long. We venture to suggest whether the Bass solos in this Oratorio could not be divided to advantage. Mr. Whitney's ponderous voice, so admirable in the first part, is rather too heavy for the part of Adam; the contrast with so delicate an Eve seems exaggerated; a Bass of somewhat lighter quality, more like a Baritone, would seem to be the voice for

Adam.—Mr. W. M. H. FRANKLIN's delicate and sympathetic Tenor was considerably clouded in the early part of the evening by hoarseness; yet he sang all sweetly and tastefully, and when it came to the Air: "In native worth and honor clad," his tones were rich and clear and manly, and the full, noble character of the piece came out in his delivery.—Mr. ZERRAHN, as Conductor, was as usual completely master of the situation.

The Society announces another Concert and a new work, Verdi's *Requiem*, for Sunday evening, May 5. The solos will be by MME. PAPPENHEIM, Miss ADELSTEIN PHILLIPPS, Mr. CHAS. R. ADAMS and Mr. A. BLUM.

Vocal Clubs.

For Mass music (or Church music generally) in extreme contrast to the Verdi *Requiem*, which we are soon to hear, we may look back to the last programme of the BOYLSTON CLUB (for April 17), where the name PALESTRINA meets us on the threshold! Here is the whole programme:

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| Messa, per i defonti. Mixed Chorus..... | Palestrina |
| Vinum Hungaricum. Male Chorus..... | Rubinstein |
| a. Lotus Flower..... | Female Chorus |
| b. Spring's Inspiration..... | Rubinstein |
| May Song. Mixed Chorus..... | Frans |
| Ruined Chapel. Male Chorus..... | Becker |
| My Love is far away. Mixed Chorus..... | Osgood |
| Cuckoo Song. Female Chorus..... | Hiller |
| a. Midsummer Night. Male Chorus..... | |
| b. The Stars in Heaven. Mixed Chorus..... | Rheinberger |
| His is the Sea. From the 98th Psalm..... | Mendelssohn |

It can be said that this is bringing upon a common platform things that differ heaven-wide in spirit and intention. Nevertheless, if there is heavenly music in the Church, in any church, we see not why all the music and the heaven should be locked up there; why it should not come out sometimes into the common air, to cheer, inspire, and fill with peace and holy aspiration those of us who need all such influences in this distracting every-day life. If it is good music in the church, it must be good music anywhere—that is to say as music, fitness of time and place being considered always. If it be music which is only music in a church service, then the probability is that it is more a thing of outward form and ritual, than of essential music; the art of music being borrowed, in a restricted sense, to lend rhythm, symmetry, impressiveness, imaginative suggestiveness, to certain prescribed forms and ceremonies. We have always felt that the peculiar Church of England music,—especially that of the older masters, much of which is sung *a capella*, and which is built upon the Palestrina model—was of a dry and formal character, for the reason that there is more in it of imposing ritual than of fresh, musical ideas or inspiration; it is a *style*—solemn to be sure and noble—not an original creation, not a fund of rich, imaginative musical tone poems.

We do not know how far the same might be found to be the case with Palestrina; but, as he was the original, the master, and the model in the Church style which for three centuries has been regarded as the purest and the highest, it is the part of prudence and humility not to pretend to judge his music until we have had more opportunities of knowing it than the musical world of to-day affords. Probably this *Requiem* or "Mass for the Dead," for so good a hearing of which we are indebted to Mr. Osgood and the Club which he is leading into such high paths, is the first full Mass, or work of magnitude, by Palestrina, which has ever been given in this city;—of course we can only conjecture as to what is done in all the churches; but, go into any Catholic Church at a venture, and you are more likely to hear music of the modern Italian operatic character,—at best, some ornate, sensuous Mass by Haydn, than you are to be awed

and tranquillized by any grand old *capella* singing. And it is even so in Italy, in Rome itself, where we have heard Verdi played upon the organ in the churches, and services and Masses of the most modern sensuous description. We have heard more of Palestrina, Gabrieli, and the like, sung in a single winter by the Protestant Dom-Chor in Berlin,—in concerts more than in the Cathedral,—than we get report of in all Italy the year round. Of course there may be some church there, or some Conservatorio, where Palestrina's music is made a specialty; but it is not the style of music now in vogue. No wonder, then, that we know so little of it here in Boston. We trust that henceforth we shall hear more of it, at least until we can feel that we know what it is. This demands much more than a single hearing of a single work. The singers themselves, to be sure, may have learned much from that; for they have studied it; and it is through those who study that the rest of us must learn.

Now let us say at the outset, that the Mass was sung by this fine choir of mixed voices, not only in a way to show that they had been most carefully and admirably trained, but also *con amore*, showing that the singers had actually learned to love the music and enjoy the exercise. And it made—judging from our own feeling, and the feeling of the immense audience so far as we could read it, more through rapt, expressive silence than through noisy demonstration—a fine, and beautiful, a very new impression. For if it really be religious music purely, if it symbolize the divine presence and a putting away of the world altogether, what has the clapping of hands to do with it? Of course mingled curiosity and wonder was the state of mind in which most listened. But there was also something of fresh delight and tranquil ecstasy, which was to most a new experience. This music was all a marvel to their doubtless; they did not understand it; they knew not how to analyze it, or what the charm consisted in; but it did exercise a spell over them; it induced a state of mind and feeling worthy to be prolonged. One secret of its power was, that it seemed absolutely *impersonal* music; while it lasted the listener lived as it were in the eternal and the universal. "The Lord is in his holy temple" was the feeling; and *this* is the temple, here, wherever dwells this music,—not in temples made with hands alone.

If we seek for the peculiar characteristics, technically, of this music, the wonder increases; so inadequate they seem to their traditional effect. In the first place, this, and all Palestrina's music, is written to be sung a *capella*, that is by voices wholly unaccompanied, or forming mutually their own accompaniment. It is commonly in five, sometimes in six, eight, or even twelve "real parts." In the next place if you look through the score, one page seems precisely like another. In the seven folio volumes of the Alfieri edition, masses, motets, *Improperia*, etc., you find not one bar of music in any other measure but the square four-fold, composed of four half-notes (4-2), and never a note shorter than the fourth or crotchet; and it all goes at one unvarying *alla breve* rate of time. Moreover every piece is either in the key of C or F major, or their relative minors. One would say, save us from such monotony! But it contains a saving secret; and that none other than the very principle which we find in Bach and Handel developed into perfect freedom and such boundless wealth of beauty and of meaning. It is the *polyphonic* principle; the interweaving of the several melodic parts or voices into a harmonious whole; they enter and go out at different parts of the measure, answering, imitating, or supporting one another, so that you have one fluid, ever-shifting wondrous web. And from their mutual approaches and recedings, and their crossings, result great varieties of chords and momentary discords,

with plenty of modulation in spite of the uniformity of key. Yet we must feel that what we have here only in germ as it were, restricted within close conventional and ritual limits, had yet to reach the freedom and glory of pure Art as such, in the high poetic and imaginative, creative sense, in the far richer and not less religious Art of Bach and Handel, and the whole line of their illustrious followers. If the Church had ever succeeded, or ever could succeed in monopolizing religion (which would be monopolizing life itself), then Palestrina's music might be the one only true religious music. But we imagine that even more religious influence has been felt in many other kinds of music, and that this is the chief reason why his music is so seldom heard to-day.

At all events Palestrina, this time, has proved too absorbing to leave us any room to speak in detail of the lighter portion of the programme. All the selections were interesting, some of them very beautiful; particularly the "May Song" by Franz, so delightfully fresh and buoyant, that it had to be repeated; Mr. Osgood's soaring and impassioned part-song; the second of the female choruses by Rubinstein; and, of course, that from the Psalm by Mendelssohn, composed since the Psalm itself as usually sung. All were beautifully rendered.

It is almost too late to speak of the rare merit of the last pair of APOLLO concerts, which we found highly interesting. Here too we were presented with a new work—new in both senses—for the first part of the programme, which was on both evenings (March 27 and April 2) as follows:

Alceste, op. 14.....C. Joseph Brambach
Solos by Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Mr. W. J. Winch and Dr. E. C. Bullard.
The Voyage.....Mendelssohn
Hle thee, Shallop.....Rücken
Soprano obligato, by Mrs. Dow.
The Gondolier.....Schubert
Cavatina, from "Masaniello".....Auber
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
The Chafer and the Flower.....Veit
Double chorus, from "Edipus,".....Mendelssohn

Brambach is one of the younger German composers, of whom we know but little. Judged by this Cantata, his music is free from the modern extravagances, and not unworthy of its noble classic theme: the voluntary sacrifice, by the wife Alceste, of her own life to save that of her husband, King Admetus, and the intervention of Apollo, who, as a reward for her devotion, restores her life. The words are from Herder's "House of Admetus." The Cantata is in three scenes, each consisting of several choruses and solos. There is dignity and subdued deep feeling in some of these choruses, particularly the opening one: "All sad and dark" describing the silence of the palace as Admetus dies; the harmony is rich, yet chaste and solemn. There are also some triumphant, brilliant choral passages. The final chorus: "What a joy dwells in love eternal," is beautiful. A fine poetic and mysterious effect is produced where a chorus of departed spirits call upon the wife to join them; and the Tenor solo and chorus: "With mighty power rang Apollo's song," etc. It is all sound and more than respectable music, yet the inspiration often seemed to flag; so much so that the point of interest was the excellent singing rather than the matter sung. The solos were all creditably rendered. Doubtless the orchestral accompaniments, which were merely sketched on the piano, well as that was played by Mr. PETERSILEA, would have placed the whole work in a stronger light.

Mendelssohn's "Voyage" and the noble double chorus from "Edipus at Colonus," were models of good male part-singing.

CONCERTS BY-GONE. A number of interesting concerts occurred near the beginning of the month, which we have had no room before to chronicle. A note or two is all we can afford them now. Among them were:

The Farewell of Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPS (Music Hall, April 4). It had not so large an audience as we had hoped to see, but one that was appreciative and responsive. The young lady herself sang Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti"—the recitative in large and noble style, the Aria with too much embellishment for our taste, since the beauty of that melody lies so much in its simplicity. In a Romanza from "I Promessi Sposi," by Ponchielli, the power and richness of her voice came out with great dramatic fire. In the Duet from "Saffo" she had the charm-

ing, delicate soprano of Miss LAURA SCHIRMER with her. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang two sets of Songs entirely new to us, one German (by Sucher), and one English. These songs again illustrated an art which Mr. Adams possesses in a higher degree than any singer whom we can recall; he is a perfect model of *distinct enunciation*; in the two German songs, of which we knew not even the subjects beforehand, we did not lose a single syllable. After what we said in our last of the defect in this particular of Miss LILLIAN BAILLY's singing, it was instructive for once to have Mr. Adams in the same concert with her. Miss Bailey sang Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," not only with her usual beauty of voice and style, but with a tender pathos hardly to be expected from one of her age. Miss ADOLPH PHILLIPS sang an Aria from *Faust* in her most pure, artistic manner; and closed the concert with Mr. Adams in the Duet: "Al nostro monti," by Verdi. Miss Schirmer's voice has gained in power and volume, and she sang the Cavatina from *Rigoletto* with grace and expression. For the instrumental part, Mr. SHAWWOOD played Chopin's Ballade in A flat and a very brilliant staccato piece ("Toccata di Concerto") by Dupont, both very finely; and there was some good harp playing by a pleasing, modest-looking girl, Miss MAUD MORGAN.

The Reunion of former pupils of the N. E. CONSERVATORY, (Music Hall, April 6), offered much that was interesting, and all that we were able to hear spoke well for the results of the Conservatory teaching. There was skilful organ playing (though of the modern school entirely) by Miss E. P. Warren, and Messrs. C. H. Morse, F. H. Lewis, and H. M. Dunham. The piano playing by Miss S. A. Pearson, a pupil of Mr. Parker (List's "Gnommenreigen," Chopin's Nocturne in G, op. 37, and a Valse Caprice by Scharwenka) we heard with unalloyed satisfaction so far as the execution and interpretation were concerned. Miss AMY FAY played List's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14, and Mr. Turner the Fantasia, op. 15, by Schubert-List. The solo singing by Miss S. C. Fisher (Schumann's "The Noblest"), Miss A. L. Gage and Miss Lillian Norton ("Vanne," from *Roberto*), gave great satisfaction. There was also some quartet singing, which we did not hear.

The Matinée by Mr. J. A. HILLA and Pupils (Union Hall, April 10) was an agreeable occasion, both the piano playing and the singing being in good taste and artistic. The selections were:

Concerto in D minor, Romanza-Allegro assai, Mozart
Miss Viola J. Palmer.
Song. Cavatina from "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer
Mrs. Hills.
Rondo Brillante, Op. 62.....Weber-List
Miss Etta M. Bailey.
Songs. a. "Thou art like unto a flower," Rubinstein
b. "The Rivulet,".....J. A. Hills.
Dr. Hills.
Concertstück.....Weber-List
Miss Minnie E. Messenger.
Duetto. "Wanderer's Night Song,".....Rubinstein
Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Hills.
Polacca Brillante. (Eight hands).....Weber

A CORRECTION. In a careless moment (so soon, too, after declaring our mind so freely about the vicious practice of "interviewing" artists) we allowed a paragraph, which was going the rounds of the newspapers, to creep into our last number, concerning the distinguished pianist MME. RIVE-KING. The writer professed to know all about her way of learning and memorizing difficult compositions, her preferences and partialities among composers, etc., etc., and ascribed to this singularly modest and sincere young artist such arrogant assertions as anyone who knows her, knows she never could have made. The absurdities of the paragraph were too self-evident, and, if any motive for printing it passed through our mind at the time, it was simply to point to the thing as a short, convenient and curious specimen of the mischievous folly of the "interviewers"; but unfortunately we forgot to add the two lines of comment which would have made this purpose clear. But we are not altogether sorry that the blunder happened, since it gives us opportunity to print the following note:

"MR. J. S. DWIGHT,
Dear Sir:—As I dislike to be misrepresented and made ridiculous before so intelligent a public as that of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, I hope you will allow me to say that no "interview" with me, such as is referred to in your last issue, ever took place, and that the opinions therein expressed are not mine at all. For I love Beethoven and Chopin better than any other composers. I have never spoken of my touch, or that of others, as there described, or denied that I made mistakes; and the statement that I never take a composition to the piano while learning it, is too absurd for denial. I should suppose my programmes, played in all parts of the country, would exempt me from such foolish and malicious misrepresentation."

JULIA RIVE-KING.

—Chicago, April 17, 1878.

CONCERT FOR THE BLIND. The Concert at the Perkins Institution, Wednesday evening, by Mr. John Orth, assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries, Miss Fanny Kellogg, and Miss Florence Faxon, a pupil of Mr. Orth, was from the following programme: Sonata for piano and cello, Raff, Op. 183; song by Miss Kellogg, "My heart ever faithful," Bach, cello obligato, by Mr. Fries; "Theme and Variations," by Mendelssohn, Miss Faxon; Song, "Autumn," Miss Kellogg; Op. 11, Rubinstein, for piano and cello, Mr. Orth and Mr. Fries; Songs, "Little Jacob," "Farmer and the Pigeons," Taubert, Miss Kellogg; "Consolation" and "Polonaise," Liszt, Mr. Orth. To which Mr. Orth added, by request, "Impromptu," by Schubert. Mr. Orth's playing was of its usual thoughtful character, and at times impassioned, as in the selections from Liszt. Miss Kellogg was warmly encoored as each of her vocal numbers, to which she first responded with the song "Clochette," and after the "Farmer and Pigeons" was forced to repeat the whole of that pleasing song before her listeners were satisfied. It is said she was never heard to better advantage than Wednesday evening. Mr. Fries seemed to play with even more than his usual spirit, and delighted all listeners. His rendering of the Rubinstein selection was a great artistic treat. Miss Faxon's playing in character by a self-possession and firmness of touch which surprised all present. The concert was entirely voluntary on the side of the artists, and was thoroughly appreciated by the pupils and their friends.—*Transcript*, April 12.

HOW TO KEEP A PIANO. Otto Brunning, writing to the *Journal de Musique* of Paris, says: "The piano is constructed almost exclusively of various kinds of woods and metals; cloth, skin and felt being used also in the mechanical portion. For this reason atmospheric changes have a great effect on the quality and durability of the instrument, and it is necessary to protect it from all external influences which might affect the materials of which it is composed. It must be shaded from the sun, kept out of a draught, and, above all, guarded against sudden changes of temperature. This latter is a most frequent cause of the piano getting out of tune, and the instrument should be kept in a temperature not lower than 64 degrees and not higher than 86 degrees Fahrenheit. When too cold the wood, cloth and skin swell, and the mechanism works badly; when too warm these materials shrink and produce clicking, squeaking and other disagreeable sounds. Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against. In a very short time damp will destroy every good point about the instrument. The tone becomes dull and flat, the wires rusty and easily broken, the joints of the mechanism stiff, and the hammers do not strike with precision, and if these symptoms are not attended to at once the piano is irretrievably spoiled. Therefore do not put your piano in a damp ground-floor room or between two windows, or between the door and the window where there is a thorough draught. Never leave the piano open when not in use, and above all when the room is being cleaned. Do not put it near a stove, chimney or hot-air pipes. Always wipe the keys after playing. Never pile books, music or other heavy things on the top. Be careful when using the soft pedal not to thump the notes. Do not allow five-note or other exercises of a small compass on a piano you have any regard for. A leather cover should be kept on the instrument when not in use, and removed every day for the purpose of dusting. A cushion of wadding or a strip of flannel laid on the keys will help to keep them white and preserve the polish. Never leave the piano open after a musical evening or dance. If you are obliged to have it in a damp room, do not place it against the wall, and raise it from the floor by means of insulators, and always cover it after playing. Employ the best tuner you can get, and if a new instrument, let it be tuned every two months during the first year, and at least three times a year afterward. Always have it tuned after a sojourn, if the room has been very hot."

NEW YORK. The following is a list of the orchestral works performed at the six concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society during the season of 1877-78:

Mozart—Symphony, No. 1, in D.
Cherubini—Overture, "Water-Carrier."
Beethoven—Concerto, No. 3, in C minor; overture, "Leonore," No. 2; overture and selections, "Egmont;" Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral;" Symphony No. 8, in F.
Schubert—Symphony No. 9, in C.
Mendelssohn—Violin concerto, (first movement).
Schumann—Overture, scherzo and finale; overture, interlude and invocation, "Manfred."
Berlioz—Ball scene from "Romeo and Juliet."
Liszt—Poème Symphonique, "Mazeppa."
Wagner—"Faust Overture;" Introduction, "Meistersinger;" Funeral March and Finale, "Götterdämmerung."
Volkmann—Serenade No. 3, in D minor.
Raff—Symphony, "Im Walde;" suite for piano and orchestra.
Brahms—Variations on Haydn's theme; Symphony No. 1, in C minor.
Rubinstein—Symphony, "Ocean."
Goldmark—Overture, "Sakuntala."

The Thomas Symphony Concerts of this year with their rehearsals, have presented to us three symphonies of Beethoven's—his third, fifth and seventh; Brahms' C minor, Haydn's E flat, Schumann's 4th in D minor, Rubinstein's "Dramatic" in D minor, and Liszt's symphonical poem, "Tasso." Of overtures, "Magic Flute," "Coriolan," "King Stephen," Schumann's "Bride of Messina," Introduction to the Meistersinger, and Introduction to the third act of Cherubini's "Medea," "Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner. An episode from Lenau's "Faust," by Liszt, Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music," Graedner's "Capriccio," op. 4, Bach's triple pianoforte

concerto, Handel's "Largo," and three movements from Handel's instrumental concertos. Of vocal numbers, Quintet from the Meistersinger, Scene and Aria from Gluck's "Alceste," Aria from "Fidelio," "Monologue" and "Cobbler's Song," from the Meistersinger. For violin, Wagner's "Albionblat." The soloists of the season were Miss Mathilde Wilde, Miss A. Henne, Miss May Moss, Messrs. Remmert, Bersin and Toedt, vocalists; Messrs. R. Hoffmann, Wm. Mason, Ferdinand Duicken, pianists, and Master Lichtenberg, violinist.

HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The following compositions were performed in the ten concerts of the past (thirteenth) season:

INSTRUMENTAL.
BACH, J. S.—Chaconne, D minor, for Violin Solo; Triple Concerto, C major, for three Pianos, with string orchestra.
HANDEL—Fugue in E minor, for Piano.
HAYDN—Symphony in G. (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel).
CHERUBINI—Overtures to Medea, Water-Carrier, Fanciulla.
BEETHOVEN—Symphonies No. 4, 5 and 8; Overtures: in C, Op. 115, in C, Op. 124, to Coriolan, to Leonore, No. 3.
SCHUBERT—Symphony in C (No. 9); Unfinished Do., in B minor (1st movement). Reiter-Marsch, in C, transcribed by Liszt. Overture to Rosamunde (twice).
MENDELSSOHN—Overtures to Ruy Blas, Hebrides, St. Paul.—Violin Concerto.—Scherzo from Reformation Symphony; Vivace from Scotch Symphony.
SCHUMANN—Symphony, D minor, No. 4.
WEBER—Overture to Euryanthe.
ROSSINI—Overture to Tell.
GADE—Symphonies—No. 1, C minor; No. 4, B flat; Allegretto from No. 3. Overture: "In the Highlands."
RIETZ—Concert Overture, in A.
BENNETT—Overture, "The Naiads."
CHOPIN—Krkowiak, Op. 14. Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15.
GOLDMARK—Overture to Sakuntala.
SAINT-SAËNS—Piano Concerto, No. 4, in C minor.
BARGIEL—Scherzo (Piano), from Suite, Op. 31.
BRAHMS—Symphony, No. 1, in C minor (twice).
MUELLER, C. C.—Nocturne ("Hiawatha"), in E minor.
PARKER, J. C. D.—Overture: "Hiawatha," (MS.)

VOCAL.
BACH—Air (Soprano) with "Cello obligato: "My heart ever faithful."
HANDEL—Aria (Soprano): "As when the dove," from *Acta and Galatea*; Aria (Soprano): "Sweet Bird," from *Il Pensieroso*.
LOTTI—Aria: (Tenor) "Par diesti," (1700).
MOZART—Rec. and Aria (Soprano): "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*; "Il mio tesoro" (Tenor) from Do.; Rec. and Aria (Soprano) from *Idomeneo*: "Tutte nel cor mi sento."
MENDELSSOHN—Concert Aria (Soprano): "Infelice,"—Songs: "Suleika," No. 2 (Soprano); "The Garland," (Tenor).
MEYERBEER—Scene et Berceuse from *Dinorah* (Soprano).
ROSSINI—Romanza and Prayer (Soprano) from *Otello*.
ROBERT FRANZ—Songs: "Frühlings Ankunft," (Soprano), Op. 23, No. 5; "Im Mai," Op. 22; "Ständchen": "Der Mond ist schlafen gungen," Op. 17; "Frühlingsgedränge," Op. 7.
SCHUMANN—Song (Tenor): "The Hidalgo."
SCHUBERT—Songs (Soprano): "Das Zilgenlücklein;" "Stimme der Liebe."

The singers were: Mrs. Emma Dexter, Miss Lizzie Cronyn, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Lillian Bailey, Mr. George L. Osgood, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie.—The pianists were, Messrs. B. J. Lang, Wm. H. Sherwood, J. C. D. Parker, G. W. Sumner, J. A. Preston, and A. W. Foote. Violin Soloist, Dr. L. Damrosch. Piano Accompanist, Otto Dresel.

LONDON. MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has definitely declined to take part in the forthcoming Italian opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Faure has followed her example; and, so far as it has been at present decided, the list of secessionists will also include the names of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Tamberlik, Herr Rokltanski, Herr Behrens, and Madame Marie-Rose. This is not all the fault of the manager. In Madame Nilsson's case the director has made every endeavor to secure the services of the Swedish prima donna for his subscribers, but the lady persistently declines to accept any terms whatever from Mr. Mapleson. Madame Nilsson will come during the season to London, where she has a house, and which she considers her home; but all hope of her co-operation this season at Her Majesty's Theatre is, it is feared, at an end. In some of the other cases it is hoped that negotiations for their engagement may prove successful. But, in any case, with the death of Mdle. Titiens, the secession of Madame Nilsson and M. Faure, and the anticipated secession of Madame Trebelli, and the rest of the old artists of the theatre, the troupe of Her Majesty's Opera will have to be completely remodelled. In June, Madame Pappenheim will come from the United States, Miss Minnie Haack will return to her old impresario, and Mdle. Salla, Madame Gerster-Gardini, Miss Valeria, Madame Demerle, Signor Fancelli, and Signor Del Puente, have also accepted re-engagements. M. Gounod's "Mireille" is to be revived, and it is not improbable that "Carmen" will be announced, and a fresh attempt is to be made to give prominence to the ballet. Such are the broad outlines of the scheme which, it is to be hoped, will be carried out at Her Majesty's Theatre during the summer season.—*Figaro*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Now the Sun his journey ended. Cradle Song. F. 2. c to D. Taubert. 30.
"My baby does as others do,
My babe is sleepy too,—too,—too—
Kindchen ist nicht dumm, Sum,—sum,—sum!"
A perfectly charming lullaby in two languages.

Parted forever. D minor. 3. d to F. T. T. Barker. 35
"When I left thy shores, O Naxos,
Not a tear in sorrow fell."
Well known beautiful words by Lord Byron,
to new music, quite worthy of the text.

After long Years. E. 4. d to F. Schira. 40
"After long silent years,
That slowly passed away."
Very fine words and a first-class song.

My own Beppins. (Il mio Beppin.) D. 4. d to F. Schira. 40
"Ha un guiboncinio di mezzalana."
"He wears a little vest."
A very pretty Italian peasant song.

Across the far blue hills, Marie. Bb. 4. Blumenthal. 60
"Across the bars of Heaven, Marie,
Look from thy place in love on me."
A finely wrought song of elevated sentiment.

The Glory of a Scar. C. 3. c to E. Blanche Wilmot. 30
"And scout the suitors, one and all
Who throng around the gates."
That is what the scarred warrior said. Manly song.

The Hour is late. (Waldeggesprach). Eb. 4. c to F. Jensen. 35
"Hark to the Elf-horn sounding near,"
"Wohl irt das Wald-horn her und hin."
One of the grand legends of the Rhine, told in a few suggestive lines, with German music to match. The beautiful witch, Loreley, is here encountered in a forest.

Instrumental.

Chimes of Normandy. Comic Opera by Planquette.

Besides the very taking songs from this new and favorite opera, there are six instrumental pieces, including the brightest airs. Of these we notice:—

Polka, from Chimes of Normandy. Bb. 3. Warren. 30
Galop, " " " " F. 3. " 30
Waltz, " " " " Eb 3. " 30
Potpourri, " " " 3. " 75

With respect to the above arrangements, it is very encouraging to note that "home talent" is now quite sufficient to work up the music of any taking opera, into the most acceptable forms. We were formerly dependent on foreign talent for this kind of thing.

Grand Valse Caprice. Bb. 4. Wheeler. 40
A very brilliant and taking affair, that any one would take a "caprice" to play.

Crème de la Crème Waltzes. 3. Keens. 50
Four brilliant waltzes, with introduction and finale.

German Maiden's Song Waltzes. (Deutsche Mädchen Lieder). 3. Hartmann. 75
Five waltzes, with introduction and finale. Words are introduced occasionally, showing the character of pretty folk-songs whose melodies are here used.

Meadow Dance. (Reigen im Grünen). F. 3. Lange. 60
Another of Lange's charmingly graceful pieces. One playing this may enjoy the merry out-door dances as if present.

New Silver Dollar March. C. 2. Mack. 30
Here's a new dollar for 30 cts! You will be sure to like the ring of it!

BOOKS.

CLARKE'S REED ORGAN MELODIES. By W. H. Clarke. Boards \$2.50; Cloth \$3.00.

This is not a book of selections, but of newly arranged or entirely new material, and of so musical a nature, that whoever allows his fingers to glide over the first air, will be lured on from one page to another until he has played the hundred and twentieth air. No dead wood or trash in the book, which fits uncommonly well the character of reeds.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

